

ib.

Judith J. Harris





Il re e il suo seguito, in un momento di quiete.

M. G. L. F. D. S. G.



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by
William Shakespeare

*With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study*

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THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Macbeth* was first printed in the *First Folio*, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"*Macbeth*" and Middleton's "*Witch*." Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearian portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away*," III. v.; "*Black Spirits and white*," IV. i.). Moreover, these very songs are found in

D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).* It is, however, possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.† Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of their properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.*)

The Porter's Speech. Among the passages in *Macbeth* that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been

* The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

† The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii., iii. 1-37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47, 125-132; iii. 140-159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47-50; viii. 32-33, 35-75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47; Act IV. Sc. i. 125-132.

written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shakespearian words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that has suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearian in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc., 1874, by Prof. Hales*).

Date of Composition. The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (Act IV. sc. i. 120) gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.* Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling*

* The Dairy is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*. Halliwell Phillipps privately reprinted the

Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—" *Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*"*

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historic of Makbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England*. The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.† As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet* and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.‡ With an early play of this period, viz., *Antony*

valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

* Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:—

*"When thou art at the table with thy friends,
Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself."*

† *E.g.* II. iii. 5. "*expectation of plenty*" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

‡ *Macbeth* numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has no less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

and *Cleopatra*, it has strong ethical affinities (*vide Preface to Antony and Cleopatra*).

The Sources of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiae* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

(A full summary of theories of The Legend of Macbeth is to be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition, which contains also an excellent survey of the various criticisms on the characters.)

The Macbeth of Legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of History, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1548) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologic*, maintaining his belief against Scot's scepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a

penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79), is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iii. *Day 2*, Act I. Sc. iv. to vii. *Day 3*, Act II. Sc. i. to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks. *Day 4*, Act III. Sc. i. to v. [Act III. Sc. vi., an impossible time.] *Day 5*, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day 6*, Act IV. Sc. ii. *An interval*. Ross's journey to England. *Day 7*, Act IV. Sc. iii., Act V. Sc. i. *An interval*. Malcolm's return to Scotland. *Day 8*, Act V. Sc. ii. and iii. *Day 9*, Act V. Sc. iv. to viii.

MACBETH

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Macbeth and Banquo, two commanding generals under King Duncan of Scotland, achieve a signal victory over a rebel army, although the latter is supported by Norwegian troops. On their return from battle the two Scottish generals are accosted by three witches, who hail Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and future king of Scotland. Afterwards they promise Banquo that his sons shall sit upon the throne. Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, but nothing more. While the witches' announcement is yet sounding in his ears, messengers from the king arrive and confer upon him, in Duncan's name, and because of his victory, the title of Thane of Cawdor. This verification of two terms of the witches' greeting leads Macbeth secretly to hope for the third—the throne itself. He communicates this wish to his wife, a cruel, unscrupulous woman, and their joint desire develops into a plot against the king. The monarch, suspecting nothing, seeks to do Macbeth still further honour by visiting him.

II. During the visit the king is murdered by Macbeth, aided by his wife. Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons, flee the country in terror; and Macbeth seeks to divert suspicion concerning the deed from himself to them. Since the sons have fled, Macbeth, as next heir,

is crowned king of Scotland. The third prediction of the witches is accomplished.

III. Macbeth, however, is unsatisfied. He bethinks himself that Banquo also was promised something by the Weird Sisters—namely, that his children shall one day mount the throne. The thought is galling to Macbeth, who wishes to make the crown secure for his own posterity. He plots to kill Banquo and his only son, Fleance. To further the plot he makes a great feast and invites Banquo and Fleance particularly. On their way thither they are waylaid and Banquo is slain by murderers in Macbeth's employ, but Fleance escapes.

While the slain Banquo's blood is yet warm and flowing, Macbeth's feast is spread. It is indeed a regal repast, and King Macbeth himself says that but one feature is lacking—the presence of his chief guest, Banquo. This he says to divert suspicion, for he has already received news of Banquo's violent end. But scarcely has he uttered the words when the ghost of Banquo appears at Macbeth's seat. No one sees him save Macbeth, but his alarm causes the banquet to break up in confusion.

IV. Macbeth, harried by doubts and fears, resolves upon and obtains another interview with the witches. He is warned to beware of Macduff; he is promised that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; he is advised to fear naught till Birnam wood shall come against him. Still unsatisfied, he demands again to know if Banquo's issue shall reign in the kingdom, and from what the witches show he becomes convinced that the crown is assigned to them. The first news that greets him upon leaving the witches is that Macduff has escaped to England to join forces with Malcolm, the late king's eldest son. Enraged, Macbeth storms Macduff's castle and puts Lady Macduff and her children to the sword.

V. The queen meanwhile is almost insane over the

thought of her own share in Macbeth's crimes. She walks in her sleep and endeavors to wash imaginary blood-stains from her hands. Finally she expires, "as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands."

Macbeth also is growing tired of life, but the hag's last prophecies spur him to renewed effort. He is almost unmanned, therefore, when word is brought that Birnam wood is moving against him; for this was one of the apparently impossible threats of the witches. The moving woods were really branches of the trees of Birnam lopped off and carried by the invading troops of Malcolm and Macduff to protect their advance against him. Still Macbeth believes himself invulnerable, and fearing none save one "that was not born of woman," he rushes forth to battle. He fights with almost superhuman strength and valor till he meets Macduff, against whom he remembers that he has been warned by the witches. At first he shrinks from fighting Macduff, but when brought to bay, exclaims: "I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born." "Despair thy charm," retorts his foe, "Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd." And in the ensuing duel Macbeth is slain. Malcolm is hailed king of Scotland. McSPADEN: *Shakespearian Synopses*.

II.

Summary of the Macbeth Legend.

Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the

granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some investigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince. Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighborhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

III.

Macbeth.

This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar view from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the "weird sisters," nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the main-spring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like this, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from "horrible imaginings" by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon us amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of *Macbeth*. The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the "weird sisters" themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the

ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. . . .

The very starting-point for an inquiry into the real, inherent, and habitual nature of Macbeth, independent of those particular circumstances which form the action of the play, lies manifestly, though the critics have commonly overlooked it, in the question, With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate? We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication, in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in I. vii. 48-52. Most commonly, however, the *witches* (as we find the "weird sisters" pertinaciously miscalled by all sorts of players and of critics) have borne the imputation of being the first to put this piece of mischief in the hero's mind. Yet the prophetic words in which the attainment of royalty is promised him contain not the remotest hint as to the means by which he is to arrive at it. They are simply "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter"—an announcement which, it is plain, should have rather inclined a man who was *not* already harbouring a scheme of guilty ambition to wait quietly the course of events. According to Macbeth's own admission, the words of the "weird sisters" on this occasion convey anything rather than an incitement to murder to the mind of a man who is not meditating it already. This supernatural soliciting is only made such to the mind of Macbeth by the fact that he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination.

FLETCHER: *Studies of Shakspeare.*

Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and

wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitation of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spellbinds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorse of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectacles of a conscience-stricken imagination.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We are sometimes told that Shakespeare did not intend to make Macbeth a psychological study; he did make him so, and it is sufficient that we find his intent in the result. . . . The poetic mind on which the presages and suggestions of supernatural things could work; a nature sensitive, intellectual emotion, so that one can imagine him even in his contemplation of coming crimes weeping for the pain of the destined victim; self-torturing, self-examination, playing with conscience, so that action and reaction of poetic thought might send emotional waves through the brain while the resolution was as grimly fixed as steel and the heart as cold as ice; a poet supreme in the power of words, with vivid imagination and glowing sympathy of intellect; a villain, cold-blooded, selfish, remorseless, with the true villain's nerve and callousness when pressed to evil work, and the physical heroism of those who are born to kill; a moral nature with only sufficient weakness to quail (?) momentarily before superstitious terrors; a man of sentiment and not of feeling—such was the mighty dramatic character which Shakespeare gave to the world in Macbeth.

IRVING: *The Character of Macbeth.*

IV.

Character of Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized:—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech:—

Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, etc.

is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakspeare.*

It is particularly observable that in Lady Macbeth's concentrated, strong-nerved ambition, the ruling passion of her mind, there is yet a touch of womanhood: she is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference either from her words or her actions. In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks: she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affection adds strength to her ambition. Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakspeare has represented the character to us the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight. We must remark also, that in Lady Macbeth's reflections on her husband's character, and on that milkiness of nature which she fears "may impede him from the golden round," there is no indication of female scorn: there is exceeding pride, but no egotism, in the sentiment or the expression; no want of wifely or womanly respect and love for *him*, but, on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Nor is there anything vulgar in her ambition; as the strength of her

affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her: hers is the sin of the "star-bright apostate," and she plunges with her husband into the abyss of guilt to procure for "all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom." She revels, she luxuriates, in her dream of power. She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain; she perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr who sees at the stake heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. . . .

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself, and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture; but having committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose, she stops there. After the murder of Duncan, we see Lady Macbeth, during the rest of the play, occupied in supporting the nervous weakness and sustaining the fortitude of her husband. . . . But she is nowhere represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it that, when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she inquires his meaning, he replies,

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou approve the deed.

The same may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice.

Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like that

of Lady Macbeth conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of *her* mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to “unsex her,” and “stop up all access and passage of remorse”—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

To make and share a husband's fortune was her [Lady Macbeth's] only motive, and the only driving-power she could supply to that was love: her character was most inartificially contrived out of one or two broad elements of womankind; a Semele to invite the solar ray that consumed her. To be a woman was her sole resource.

Let us notice, therefore, how prompt was her first inspiration, and how quickly it recoiled exhausted from its terrible victory.

A full-blooded virago who has murder in her heart, but supposes that any chance to commit it is a long way

off, would not betray emotion if Fate suddenly tossed a chance into her lap. Lady Macbeth's nerves are not well padded against such a shock. The husband's letter astonishes and exalts her soul; but the old desires, never before so animated, seem fruitless as ever, since neither time nor place concur. In the height of this turmoil, an attendant enters to say, "The king comes here to-night." The tidings appal her: has Providence gone mad, to trust Duncan with her in this temper? The man is mad to say it. Coming! To-night! "And when goes hence?" Her looks and speech recoil from the coincidence. Then she breaks into that soliloquy which is not the ranting of a mannish murderess who is in a frenzy to get at her victim. The lines quiver with the excitement of a delicate nature that is overstrained and dreads to fail. Vexed and chagrined at womanly proclivities which will be apt to follow their bent against her purpose, she invokes spirits to unsex her, to make thick the blood that runs too limpidly and warm, and clot "the access and passage to remorse." It fills us with dismay to see how far a susceptible womanhood can be transported by a vehement passion.

She does not give Macbeth time to observe that to murder Duncan will exact of him the murder of Malcolm also, who is designated by the king to succeed him. She is in no temper to reflect that the taking-off of Duncan will plunge the husband into ever-renewing complications: her transport carries him away to fruitless crime. But the first blow spends her terrible ardor and disenchant her of murder. She can force it upon her husband, but is not endowed with the complexly woven tissue of talents and motives that can sustain reaction. His muscle drags him through successive scenes of feigning, inures him to the contemplation of fresh murders, and keeps his foot well planted to thrust and parry the foes of his own making. She is all made for love, and for the uttermost that love can suggest: there is no

masculine fiber in her heart; it is packed with the invisible, fine-strung nerves of a feminine disposition. And they have been stretched to such a tension that, since no solider flesh sheathes and protects them as they relax, we see them ravelled: they no longer sustain the firm heart-beat and regulate the blood. There are symptoms, even before the murder is committed, that her strength threatens to be inadequate. She must have recourse to wine, to borrow courage from it that may last till morning; and her mood is so intense that the light body can absorb large draughts of it.

“That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.” . . .

This fascination of spilt blood, this woman's instinct to see her husband through the first surprise, this dread of some defect in his behaviour, this solicitude to repair it by some spirit of her own, takes her into a scene which deals one stroke too much upon her emotion. For the morn broke rapidly, as if to resent the criminal advantage which the midnight took. She has had no chance to calculate what effect this murder will have upon human sensibilities when they are taken by it unawares. She sees the awfulness of it suddenly reflected from the faces and gestures of Macduff, Banquo, and the rest. It beats at the gate, across which she has braced a woman's arm, and breaks it in; and a mob of reproaches rush over her. What have those delicate hands been doing? What is this hideous issue of her slender body, just born, stark naked, in the horror of these men? Nature, in making her, was so little in the male mood, so intently following the woman's model, that it left out the element which carries Macbeth through this scene. . . . “Help me hence, ho!” her sex cries. It is the revulsion of nature in a feminine soul. Love has exhaled all its hardihood into the deed which is just now discovered. . . .

Her fortitude just eked her out to reach the gracious action that dismissed the guests, as she wished “A kind

good-night to all!" Yes, good-night to all—to us also. She gains the shelter of her chamber: then she entirely disappears from the action of the tragedy, to sicken in seclusion with the consciousness that her fatal love has purveyed successive murders for her household. She can be of no further use to Shakespeare now: such a terrible requisition of genius has exhausted her; she is removed from our view and consigned to the offices of women. For the courage that was screwed to the sticking-place was screwed by love's wrest one turn too far. But another kind of woman—massive, cruel, prompted by unmingled ambition, guided by pure hatefulness—would have had no trouble in assuming the dogged resolution with which Macbeth began henceforth to outface Fate. Not so this soul, who has known "how tender 'tis to love the babe" that milks her. . . .

So, not long after, a cry of women struggles through the castle, and bids Macbeth's desperate engrossment know that the "brief candle" of her night-walking sorrow has gone out. He has no time to permit his queen to die, but she has slipped from his arms. Alas! another shape of Nature's womanhood by Nature destroyed. Malcolm may suspect that she destroyed herself, but Shakespeare furnished no pretext for that palace rumour. And it so disconcerts the pathos which he intended should accumulate around the temper of her crime that many commentators suspect the scene, upon this and other considerations, of having been tampered with. Malcolm may call her "fiend-like," if he will. 'Tis pardonably honest English from a son who slept one night so near to a murdered father. What was to Malcolm a righteous phrasing of the deed does not cover Shakespeare's implication of the mood which led to it. The great poet delivers to us a sprig of rosemary, for remembrance of Nature in a woman, but enjoins us to tie it up with rue.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

Lady Macbeth's Influence Over Her
Husband.

Macbeth is excitably imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outline disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact. But his wife sees things in the clearest and most definite outline. Her delicate frame is filled with high-strung nervous energy. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves, and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by lingering velleities towards a loyal and honourable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism—she cuts off from herself her better nature, she yields no weak paltering with conscience. “I have given suck,” she exclaims, “and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me”; she is unable to stab Duncan because he resembles her father in his sleep; she is appalled by the copious blood in which the old man lies, and the horror of the sight clings to her memory; the smell of the blood is hateful to her and almost insupportable; she had not been without apprehension that her feminine nature might fail to carry her through the terrible ordeal, through which she yet resolved that it should be compelled to pass. She must not waste an

atom of her strength of will, which has to serve for two murderers—for her husband as well as for herself. She puts into requisition with the aid of wine and of stimulant words the reserve of nervous force which lay unused. No witches have given her “Hail”; no airy dagger marshals her the way she is going; nor is she afterwards haunted by the terrible vision of Banquo’s gory head. As long as her will remains her own she can throw herself upon external facts, and maintain herself in relation with the definite, actual surroundings; it is in her sleep, when the will is incapable of action, that she is persecuted by the past which perpetually renews itself, not in ghostly shapes, but by the imagined recurrence of real and terrible incidents.

The fears of Lady Macbeth upon the night of Duncan’s murder are the definite ones that the murderers may be detected, that some omission in the pre-arranged plan may occur, that she or her husband may be summoned to appear before the traces of their crime have been removed. More awful considerations would press in upon her and overwhelm her sanity, but that she forcibly repels them for the time:

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

To her the sight of Duncan dead is as terrible as to Macbeth; but she takes the daggers from her husband; and with a forced jest, hideous in the self-violence which it implies, she steps forth into the dark corridor:

If he do bleed
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

“A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape.” The knocking at the gate clashes upon her overstrained nerves and thrills her; but she has determination and energy to

direct the actions of Macbeth, and rouse him from the mood of abject depression which succeeded his crime. A white flame of resolution glows through her delicate organization, like light through an alabaster lamp:

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.

If the hold which she possesses over her own faculties should relax for a moment, all would be lost. For dreadful deeds anticipated and resolved upon, she has strength, but the surprise of a novel horror, on which she has not counted, deprives her suddenly of consciousness; when Macbeth announces his butchery of Duncan's grooms, the lady swoons—not in feigning but in fact—and is borne away insensible.

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare.*

VI.

The Witches.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if anything more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; without birth or death; passion-

less and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Æschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become: the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savours as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom everything seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearian, there being nothing in his whole circle of character wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. . . . In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the

mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts; these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give"; the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order or disorder of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences.

. . . . And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Knocking at the Gate.

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this:—The knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. . . . At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this:—Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of the “poor beetle that we tread on,” exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him “with its petrific mace.” But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—

jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

DE QUINCEY: *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth.*

VIII.

Quality of the Play.

I regard *Macbeth*, upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but in the drama we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakespeare; and of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy *Macbeth* has no parallel, till we go back to the *Prometheus and the Furies* of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakespeare's and of Æschylus's style—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose from the consanguinity of nature. In one respect, the tragedy of *Macbeth* always reminds me of Æschylus's poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to Æschylus, when the Titan Prometheus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains? Or when the Ghost of Clytemnestra rushes into Apollo's temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies? I wish to imagine these scenes. I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted. In like manner, there are parts of *Macbeth* which I delight

Comments

to read much more than to see in the theatre. . . .
Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that all in all, *Macbeth* is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry.

CAMPBELL: *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

As regards wealth of thought, *Macbeth* ranks far below *Hamlet*; it lacks the wide, free, historic perfection which in *Julius Cæsar* raises us above the horror of his tragic fall. It cannot be compared with *Othello* for completeness, depth of plot, or full, rich illustration of character. But, in our opinion, it excels all that Shakspeare, or any other poet, has created, in the simple force of the harmonious, majestic current of its action, in the transparency of its plan, in the nervous power and bold sweep of its language, and in its prodigal wealth of poetical coloring.

KREYSSIG: *Vorlesungen über Shakspeare.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Boy, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

10

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
 As thou didst leave it.

Scr. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, 31
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
 I cannot tell—
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
 [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]
 Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
 he look
 That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
 Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
 And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
 With terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd.
'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

MACBETH

Act I. Sc. iii.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se'nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

20

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

30

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand
 me,

40

By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
 Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
 Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king here-
 after! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
 Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70
 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
 And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post, and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn 151
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Forres. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,
and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are to your throne and state children and servants;
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
 Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
 No less to have done so: let me infold thee
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. ' They met me in the day of success; and
I have learned by the perfectest report, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge.
When I burned in desire to question them
further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor"; by which
title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and
referred me to the coming on of time, with 10
"Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest part-
ner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what

greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
 highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries ' Thus thou must do, if thou have
 it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
 Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message;

Lady M. Give him tending;
 He brings great news. *[Exit Messenger.]*

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherein your sightless substances 50
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

Scene VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasure seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid 40
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbec only; when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who 's there?

10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that busi-
ness,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. 61
 [*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
 me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
 Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
 their possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked 10
 And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
 noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard
 them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I
 hear a knocking
 At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
 A little water clears us of this deed:
 How easy is it then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!
 more knocking:
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
 And show us to be watchers: be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
 [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
 couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The same.**Enter a Porter. Knocking within.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the 10 scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all profes- 20 sions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

*[Opens the gate.**Enter Macduff and Lennox.*

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke? 30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him. 40

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; 50
I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible 61
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. } What 's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. 70
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

MACBETH

Act II. Sc. iii.

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo! 90
 Our royal master 's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
 Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

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Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows:
 They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

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Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
 The expedition of my violent love
 Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make 's love known?

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MACBETH

Act II. Sc. iii.

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where
our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let 's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: 130

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with
them: 140

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are

There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft 150
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd: .

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you and with those 40
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit Banquo. 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 70
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
 you, 80
 How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the in-
 struments,
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that
 might
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed
 Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave 90
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill 100
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110
 I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life: and though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

First Mur.

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur.

We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within 140

[*Excunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making; 9
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible 'dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

And make our faces visards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood: 51
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hall in the palace.

*A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There 's
blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped. 20

Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again; I had else been
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 As broad and general as the casing air:
 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
 To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm
 that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
 No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
 We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
 Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40
 Were the' graced person of our Banquo present;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your high-
 ness

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send 71
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; 90
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence! [*Erit Ghost.*]

Why, so: being gone,
 I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,

With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
 worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Lcn. Good night; and better health 120
 Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
 [*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
 Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
 Augures and understood relations have
 By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
 forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. 140

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
 Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away,
come away,' etc.,*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
again. [Exeunt.

Scene VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think

That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—

As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20

But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries ' 'Tis time, 'tis time.'

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

10

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

20

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' etc.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
 What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
 Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
 To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,
 Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
 Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-
 duff;
 Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word
 more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded; here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care 90
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
 Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
 Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
 A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
 Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
 What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
 Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights:
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round, 130
 That this great king may kindly say
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then
 vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
 hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
 Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
 And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
 The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
 Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread ex-
 ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
 Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
 Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
 His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
 Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
 He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
 I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
 further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
 And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
 I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead: 30
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor
 lime,
 The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
 set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
 With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest
men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you 60
would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. * He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
[*Excunt murderers, following her.*

Scene III.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil 19
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your par-
don;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy
wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

* *Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live. O nation miserable!
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
 Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: what I am truly, 131
 Is thine and my poor country's to command:
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray
 you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, 151
 The mere despair of surgery, ne cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the
 air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, 181
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part

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Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all 211
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
 And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
 They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
 Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
 And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heav-
 ens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
 Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
 Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
 may; 239
 The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can
 perceive no truth in your report. When was it
 she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
 seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-

gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close. 20

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 30

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can tell our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 40

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known. 50

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,— 60

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the
gate: come, come, come, come, give me your
hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed,
to bed, to bed. 70
[*Exit.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance, 80
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The country near Dunsinane.

*Drum and colours. Enter Mentcith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths, that even now 10
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
 His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
 His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
 To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
 Make we our march towards Birnam. 31

[*Excunt, marching.*]

Scene III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
 Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
 I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
 'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false
 thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
 Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *[Exit Servant.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton!

Enter Scyton.

Scy. What 's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Scy. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.

Scy. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine ar-
 mour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that. 40
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
 Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
 Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease 51
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou
 of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Mach. Bring it after me.
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

Scène IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his
 Son, Macduff, Menteth, Caithness, Angus, Lennox,
 Ross, and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
 That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance, the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

Scene V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dafeful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mcss. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, 49
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff,
and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
 If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
 Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note 21
 Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd;
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
 [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last: before my body
 I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
 [*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
 He only lived but till he was a man; 40
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He 's worth more sorrow, 50
 And that I 'll spend for him.

Siw. He 's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:
 And so God be with him! Here comes newer com-
 fort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
 The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
 men,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70
 Took off her life; this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time and place:
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

- A one*, a man (Theobald from Davenant, "a Thane"; Grant White, "a man"); III. iv. 131.
- Absolute*, positive; III. vi. 40.
- Abuse*, deceive; II. i. 50.
- Acheron*, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.
- Adder's fork*, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.
- Addition*, title; I. iii. 106.
- Address'd them*, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.
- Adhere*, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.
- Admired*, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.
- Advise*, instruct; III. i. 129.
- Afeard*, afraid; I. iii. 96.
- Affection*, disposition; IV. iii. 77.
- Affeer'd*, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.
- Alarm*, call to arms; V. ii. 4.
- Alarum'd*, alarmed; II. i. 53.
- All*, any; III. ii. 11.
- ; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.
- All-thing*, in every way; III. i. 13.
- A-making*, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.
- Angel*, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.
- Angerly*, angrily; III. v. 1.
- Annoyance*, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.
- Anon*, immediately; I. i. 10.
- Anon, anon*, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 23.
- An't*, if it (Folios, "and't"); III. vi. 19.
- Antic*, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.
- Anticipatest*, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.
- Apace*, quickly; III. iii. 6.
- Apply*, be devoted; III. ii. 30.
- Approve*, prove; I. vi. 4.
- Argument*, subject, theme; II. iii. 126.
- Arm'd*, encased in armour; III. iv. 101.
- Aroint thee*, begone; I. iii. 6.
- Artificial*, made by art; III. v. 27.
- As*, as if; II. iv. 18.
- Assay*; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.
- Attend*, await; III. ii. 3.
- Augures*, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.
- Authorized by*, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.
- Avouch*, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.

Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 106.

Bane, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.

Battle, division of an army; V. vi. 4.

Beguile, deceive; I. v. 64.

Bellman "the fatal bellman"; II. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XVth cent. black-letter ballad.

Bellona, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.

Bend up, strain; I. vii. 79.

Benison, blessing; II. iv. 40.

Bent, determined; III. iv. 134.

Best, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.

Bestow'd, staying; III. i. 30.

Bestows himself, has settled; III. vi. 24.

Bestride, stand over in posture of defence; IV. iii. 4.

Bides, lies; III. iv. 26.

Bill, catalogue; III. i. 100.

Birnam, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.

Birthdom, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.

Bladed; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.

Blind-worm, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.

Blood-bolter'd, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.

Blow, blow upon; I. iii. 15.

Bodements, forebodings; IV. i. 96.

Boot; "to b.," in addition; IV. iii. 37.

Borne, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.

Borne in hand, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.

Bosom, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.

Brainsickly, madly; II. ii. 46.

Break, disclose; I. vii. 48.

Breech'd, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood" (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 121.

Breed, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.

Brinded, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.

Bring, conduct; II. iii. 52.

Broad, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.

Broil, battle; I. ii. 6.

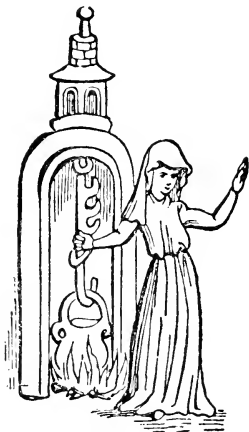
Broke ope, broken open; II. iii. 71.

But, only; I. vii. 6.

By, past; IV. i. 137.

By the way, casually; III. iv. 130.

Cabin'd, confined; III. iv. 24.
Captains, trisyllabic (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
Careless, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
Casing, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'Cause, because; III. vi. 21.
Censures, opinion; V. iv. 14.
Champion me, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
Chanced, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
Charge; "in an imperial c.," in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
Charged, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
Chaudron, entrails; IV. i. 33.
Children (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.



An early form of chimney.

Chimneys; "our chimneys were blown down," an anachronism; II. iii. 60. (*Cp.* the annexed cut from a mediæval MS. depicting a primitive form of chimney.)
Choke their art, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
Clear, serenely; I. v. 72.
Clear, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
 —, unstained; II. i. 28.
Clearness, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.
Clept, called; III. i. 94.
Cling, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
Close, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
 —, secret; III. v. 7.
Closed, enclosed; III. i. 99.
Cloudy, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
Cock, cock-crow; "the second c.," *i.e.* about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 27.
Coign of vantage, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
Cold, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
Colme-kill, *i.e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
Come, which have come; I. iii. 144.
Command upon, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
Commends, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
Commission; "those in c.," those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.

- Composition*, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
- Compt*; "in c.," in account; I. vi. 26.
- Conpunctious*, pricking the conscience; I. v. 46.
- Concluded*, decided; III. i. 141.
- Confineless*, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
- Confounds*, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
- Confronted*, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
- Confusion*, destruction; II. iii. 71.
- Consequences*; *v.* mortal; V. iii. 5.
- Consent*, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
- Constancy*, firmness; II. ii. 68.
- Contend against*, vie with; I. vi. 16.
- Content*, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
- Continent*, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
- Convert*, change; IV. iii. 229.
- Convey*. "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
- Convince*, overpower; I. vii. 64.
- Convinces*, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
- Copy*. (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
- Corporeal*, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
- Corporeal*; "each c. agent," *i.e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
- Counsellors*; "c. to fear," fear's counsellors. *i.e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
- Countenance*, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 84.
- Crack of doom*, burst of sound, thunder at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
- Cracks*, charges; I. ii. 37.
- Crown*, head; IV. i. 113.
- Dainty of*, particular about; II. iii. 149.
- Dear*, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
- Degrees*, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
- Deliver thee*, report to thee; I. v. 11.
- Delivers*, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
- Demi-wolves*, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
- Denies*, refuses; III. iv. 128.
- Detraction*, defamation; "mine own d.," the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
- Devil* (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
- Deu*, bedew; V. ii. 30.
- Disjoint*, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
- Displaced*, banished; III. iv. 109.
- Dispute it*, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
- Disseat*, unseat; V. iii. 21.
- Distance*, hostility; III. i. 116.
- Do off*, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
- Doubt*, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 66.
- Drink*; "my d.," *i.e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
- Drowse*, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
- Dudgeon*, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.

Glossary

Dunncst, darkest; I. v. 52.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.

Easy, easily; II. iii. 142.

Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.

Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.

Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 82.

Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31.

England, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.

Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.

Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.

Entrance (trisyllabic); I. v. 40.

Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 12.

Equivocator (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order, was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.

Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.

Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.

Eternic, perpetual; III. ii. 38.

Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.

Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.

Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.

Expedition, haste; II. iii. 115.

Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.

Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.

Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.

Farrowe, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.

Favour, pardon; I. iii. 149.

—, countenance, face; I. v. 73.

Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.

Fced, "to f.," feeding; III. iv. 35.

Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.

Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.

—, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 70.

Fellow, equal; II. iii. 67.

File, list; V. ii. 8.

—, "the valued f.," list of qualities; III. i. 95.

Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.

First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. "to f. and next"); III. iv. 1.

Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.

Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.

Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.

Flout, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.

Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.

Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.

Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.

For, because of; III. i. 121.

—, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.

- Forbid*, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
- Forced*, strengthened; V. v. 5.
- Forge*, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
- Forsworn*, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
- Founded*, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
- Frame of things*, universe; III. ii. 16.
- Franchised*, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
- Free*, freely; I. iii. 155.
- , honourable; III. vi. 36.
- , remove, do away (Steevens conj. "*Fright*" or "*Fray*"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "*Keep*"; Kinnear conj. "*Rid*"); III. vi. 35.
- French hose*, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 16.
- Fright*, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 69.
- From*, differently from; III. i. 100.
- , in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
- Fry*, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
- Function*, power of action; I. iii. 140.
- Furbish'd*, burnished; I. ii. 32.
- Gallowglasses*, heavy-armed Irish troops (Folio 1, "*Gallowgrosses*"); I. ii. 13.
- Genius, spirit of good or ill*; III. i. 56.
- Gentle senses*, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "*general sense*"; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "*gentle sense*"); I. vi. 3.
- Germins*, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
- Get*, beget; I. iii. 67.
- Gin*, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
- 'Gins*, begins; I. ii. 25.
- Gives out*, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
- God 'ild us*, corruption of "*God yield us*" (Folios, "*God-eyld us*"); I. vi. 13.
- Golgotha*, i.e. "the place of a skull" (cp. Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
- Good*, brave; IV. iii. 3.
- Goodness*; "the chance of g.." the chance of success; IV. iii. 136.
- Goose*, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 17.
- Gospell'd*, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
- Go to, go to*, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
- Gouts*, drops; II. i. 46.
- Graced*, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
- Grandam*, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
- Grave*, weighty; III. i. 22.
- Graymalkin*; a grey cat (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "*Mary*"); I. i. 9.



I come, Graymalkin. Paddock calls.
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel,
c. 1566.

- Gripe, grasp*; III. i. 62.
Grooms, servants of any kind;
II. ii. 5.
Gulf, gullet; IV. i. 23.
Hail (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
Harbinger, forerunner, an officer of the king's household;
I. iv. 45.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
Harms, injuries; "my h.," injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
Harp'd, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.
Harpier, probably a corruption of Harpy; IV. i. 3.
Having, possessions; I. iii. 56.
Hear, talk with; III. iv. 32.
Heart; "any h.," the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.

- Heavily, sadly*; IV. iii. 182.
Hecate, the goddess of hell (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
Hedge-pig, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
Hermits, beadsmen: men bound to pray for their benefactors (Folio 1, "Ermites"); I. vi. 20.
Hie thee, hasten; I. v. 26.
His, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
Holds, withholds; III. vi. 25.
Holp, helped; I. vi. 23.
Home, thoroughly, completely;
I. iii. 120.
Homely, humble; IV. ii. 67.
Hoodwink, blind; IV. iii. 72.
Horses (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
Housekeeper, watch dog; III. i. 97.
Howlet's, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
How say'st thou, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
Humane, human; III. iv. 76.



From an old woodcut.

Hurlyburly, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3. (In the annexed curious illustration of some witchcraft absurdity the devil is making a hurly-burly by beating furiously on a drum under which is a Lapland witch.)

Husbandry, economy; II. i. 4.

Hyrcean tiger, i.e. tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

Ignorant, i.e. of future events; I. v. 58.

Ill-composed, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.

Illness, evil; I. v. 21.

Impress, force into his service; IV. i. 95.

In, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.

Incarnadine, make red; II. ii. 62.

Inform, takes visible form; II. i. 48.

Initiate; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, i.e. the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.

Insane; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.

Instant, present moment; I. v. 59.

Interdiction, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.

Intermission, delay; IV. iii. 232.

Intrenchant, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

Jealousies, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.

Jump, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.

Just, exactly; III. iii. 4.

Jutty, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

Kerns, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13. (Cp. the subjoined mediæval representation.)



From the Chapter House Liber A, in the Public Record Office.

Knowings, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.

Knowledge; "the k.," what you know (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "thy k."); I. ii. 6.

Lack, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.

Lack, miss; III. iv. 84.

Lapp'd, wrapped; I. ii. 54.

Large, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.

Latch, catch; IV. iii. 195.

Lated, belated, III. iii. 6.

Lave, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.

Lavish, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.
Lay, did lodge; II. iii. 58.
Lease of nature, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
Leave, leave off; III. ii. 35.
Left unattended, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
Lesser, less; V. ii. 13.
Lies; "swears and l," *i.e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury" (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
Lighted, descended; II. iii. 147.
Like, same; II. i. 30.
 —, likely; II. iv. 29.
 —, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
Lily-liver'd, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
Limbec, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
Limited, appointed; II. iii. 57.
Line, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
List, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
Listening, listening to; II. ii. 28.
Lo; "lo you," *i.e.* look you; V. i. 22.
Lodged, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
Look, expect; V. iii. 26.
Loon, brute; V. iii. 11.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iii. 58.
Maggot-pies, magpies; III. iv. 125.
Mansionry, abode; I. vi. 5.
Mark, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
 —, notice; V. i. 46.

Marry, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
Mated, bewildered; V. i. 86.
Maws, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
May I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
Medicine, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
Meek, meekly; I. vii. 17.
Memorize, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
Mere, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
 —, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
Metaphysical, supernatural; I. v. 30.
Minion, darling, favourite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
Minutely, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
Missives, messengers; I. v. 7.
Mistrust; "he needs not our m," *i.e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
Mockery, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
Modern, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
Moe, more; V. iii. 35.
Monstrous (trissyllabic); III. v. 8.
Mortal, deadly, murderous; I. v. 42.
 —, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
 —, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
Mortality, mortal life; II. iii. 97.
Mortified, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.

- Mounch'd*, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
- Muse*, wonder; III. iv. 85.
- Must be*, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.
- Napkins*, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 6.
- Nature*; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 51.
- ; "in n.," in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
- Naught*, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.
- Nave*, navel, middle (Warburton, "nape"); I. ii. 22.
- Near*, nearer; II. iii. 146.
- Near'st of life*, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
- Nice*, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
- Nightgown*, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
- Noise*, music; IV. i. 106.
- Norways'*, Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
- Norweyan*, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
- Note*, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
- , list; III. iii. 10.
- , notice; III. iv. 56.
- Nothing*, not at all; I. iii. 96.
- , nobody; IV. iii. 166.
- Notion*, apprehension; III. i. 83.
- Oblivious*, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
- Obscure*; "o. bird," i.e. the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 63.
- Odds*; "at o.," at variance; III. iv. 127.
- O'erfraught*, over-charged, over-loaded; IV. iii. 210.
- Of*, from; IV. i. 81.
- , with (Hammer, "with"); I. ii. 13.
- , over, I. iii. 33.
- , by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
- , for; IV. iii. 95.
- Offices*, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
- , i.e. domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
- Old* (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
- On*, of; I. iii. 84.
- Once*, ever; IV. iii. 167.
- One*, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
- On's*, of his; V. i. 70.
- On't*, of it; III. i. 114.
- Open'd*, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
- Or ere*, before; IV. iii. 173.
- Other*, others; I. iii. 14.
- , "the o.," i.e. the other side; I. vii. 28.
- , otherwise; I. vii. 77.
- Other's*, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
- Ourselves*, one another; III. iv. 32.
- Out*, i.e. in the field; IV. iii. 183.
- Outrun*, did outrun (Johnson, "outran"); II. iii. 117.
- Overcome*, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
- Over-red*, redden over; V. iii. 14.
- Owe*, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
- Owed*, owned; I. iv. 10.

Glossary

- Paddock*, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.
Pall, wrap, envelop; I. v. 52.
Passion, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.
Patch, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.
Peak, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.
Pent-house lid, *i.e.* eye-lids; "Pent-house," a porch or shed with sloping roof, as shown in the annexed cut; I. iii. 20.



From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

- Perfect*, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 65.
Pester'd, troubled; V. ii. 23.

THE TRAGEDY OF

- Place*, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.
Point; "at a p.," prepared for any emergency; IV. iii. 135.
Poor, feeble; III. ii. 14.
Poorly, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.
Portable, enduring; IV. iii. 89.
Possess, fill; IV. iii. 202.
Possets, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd" (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie*, 1688); II. ii. 6.
Posters, speedy travellers; I. iii. 33.
Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.
Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.
Present, present time; I. v. 58.
 —, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.
 —, offer; III. ii. 31.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.
Pretence, purpose, intention; II. iii. 136.
Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.
Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.
Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.

- Proof*, proved armour; I. ii. 54.
Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.
Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.
Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the king and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.
Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
Put on, se on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.
Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.
- Quarry*, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.
Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.
Quiet; "at q." in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 18.
- Ravell'd*, tangled; II. ii. 37.
Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.
Ravness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
Readiness; "manly r." complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 139.
Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
Received, believed; I. vii. 74.
Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
Recoil; "to r." for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.
Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.
- Remembrance*, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.
Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.
Remorse, pity; I. v. 45.
Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.
Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.
 —, give rest; IV. iii. 227.
Return, give back, render; I. vi. 28.
Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.
Rooky, gloomy, foggy (Jennens, "rocky"); III. ii. 51.
Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 29.
 —; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i.e.* "the crown, the top or summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
 —, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
Rubs, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.
Rump-fed, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.
- Safe toward*, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.
Sag, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
Saint Colme's Inch, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.
Saucy, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.

Say to, tell; I. ii. 6.
'Scaped, escape; III. iv. 20.
Scarf up, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
Scone, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.
Scotch'd, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
Season, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
Scat, situation; I. vi. 1.
Scated, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.
Security, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
Seeling, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
Seems; "that s. to speak things strange," i.e. "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*teems*"; Collier MS., "*comes*," etc.); I. ii. 47.
Self-abuse, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
Self-comparisons, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
Selvsame, very same; I. iii. 88.
Sennet, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
Se'nnights, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
Sensible, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
Sergeant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
Set forth, shewed; I. iv. 6.
Settled, determined; I. vii. 79.

Seewer, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direc.).
Shag-car'd, having hairy ears (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"); IV. ii. 82.
Shall, will; II. i. 29.
 —, I shall; IV. ii. 23.
Shame, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
Shard-borne, borne by scaly wing-cases, (D a v e n a n t, "*sharp-brow'd*"); Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"); III. ii. 42.
Shift, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 150.
Shipman's card, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
Shough, a kind of shaggy dog (Folios, "*Showghes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"); III. i. 94.
Should be, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
Show, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
Show, appear; I. iii. 54.
Shut up, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
Sicken, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
Sightless, invisible; I. vii. 23.
Sights; Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*flights*"; Grant White, "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.
Sinel, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
Single, individual; I. iii. 140.
 —, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
Sirrah, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.

Skirr, scour; V. iii. 35.
Slab, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
Sleave, sleeve-silk, floss silk;
 II. ii. 37.
Sleek o'er, smooth; III. ii. 27.
Sleights, feats of dexterity; III.
 v. 26.
Slipp'd, let slip; II. iii. 51.
Sliver'd, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
Smack, have the taste, savour;
 I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii.
 24.
So well, as well; I. ii. 43.
Sole, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
Solemn, ceremonious, formal;
 III. i. 14.
Soliciting, inciting; I. iii. 130.
Solicits, entreats, moves by
 prayer; IV. iii. 149.
Something, some distance; III.
 i. 132.
Sometime, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
Sorely, heavily; V. i. 59.
Sorriest, saddest; III. ii. 9.



The soul leaving the body at death

Sorry, sad; II. ii. 20.
Soul's flight; III. i. 141. (The
 idea and its expression may
 be illustrated by the accom-
 panying cut from Douce's
Illustrations of Shakespeare.)
Speak, bespeak, proclaim; IV.
 iii. 159.
Speculation, intelligence; III.
 iv. 95.
Speed; "had the s. of him."
 has outstripped him; I. v. 36.
Spongy, imbibing like a sponge;
 I. vii. 71.
Spring, source; I. ii. 27.
Sprites, spirits; IV. i. 127.
Spy, v. Note; III. i. 130.
Stableness, constancy; IV. iii.
 92.
Staff, lance; V. iii. 48.
Stamp, stamped coin; IV. iii.
 153.
Stanchless, insatiable; IV. iii.
 78.
Stand, remain; III. i. 4.
Stand not upon, do not be par-
 ticular about; III. iv. 119.
State, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
State of honour, noble rank,
 condition; IV. ii. 65.
Stay, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
Stays, waits; III. v. 35.
Sticking-place, i.e. "the place
 in which the peg of a stringed
 instrument remains fast; the
 proper degree of tension";
 I. vii. 60.
Stir, stirring, moving; I. iii.
 144.
Storhouse, place of burial; II.
 iv. 34.
Strange, new; I. iii. 145.

Glossary

Strange; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.

Strangely-visited, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.

Stuff'd, crammed, full to bursting; V. 44.

Substances, forms; I. v. 50.

Sudden, violent; IV. iii. 59.

Suffer, perish; III. ii. 16.

Suffering; "our s. country," *i. e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.

Suggestion, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.

Summer-seeming, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "summer-teeming"; Johnson, "fume, or seething," etc.); IV. iii. 86.

Sundry, various; IV. iii. 48.

Surcease, cessation; I. vii. 4.

Surveying, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.

Sway by, am directed by; V. iii. 9.

Swears, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

Taint, be infected; V. iii. 3.

Taking-off, murder, death; I. vii. 20.

Teems, teems with; IV. iii. 176.

Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.

Tending, tendance, attendance; I. v. 38.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Tend on, wait on; I. v. 42.

That, so that; I. ii. 58.

—; "to th.," to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.

Therewithal, therewith; III. i. 34.

Thirst, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.

Thought; "upon a th.," in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.

—, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.

Thralls, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.

Threat, threaten; II. i. 60.

Till that, till; I. ii. 54.

Timely, betimes, early; II. iii. 50.

—, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.

Titles, possessions; IV. ii. 7.

To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.

—, according to; III. iii. 4.

—, compared to; III. iv. 64.

—, for, as; IV. iii. 10.

—, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.

Top, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.

Top-full, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 43.

Touch, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.

Touch'd, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.

Towering, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.

Trace, follow; IV. i. 153.

Trains, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
Trammel up, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
Transport, convey; IV. iii. 181.
Transpose, change; IV. iii. 21.
Treble sceptres, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
Trifled, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
Tugg'd; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
Two-fold balls, probably referring to the double coronation of James at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
Tyranny, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
Tyrant, usurper; III. vi. 22.
Unfix, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
Unrough, beardless; V. ii. 10.
Unspcak, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
Untitled, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
Unto, to; I. iii. 121.
Upon, to; III. vi. 30.
Uproar, "stir up to tumult" (Schmidt); (Folios 1, 2, "uprore": Keightley, "Uproot"); IV. iii. 99.
Use, experience; III. iv. 143.

Using, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.
Utterance; "to the u." i.e. à outrance = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.
Vantage, opportunity; I. ii. 31.
Verity, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.
Visards, masks; III. ii. 34.
Vouch'd, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.
Want; "cannot w.." can help; III. vi. 8.
Warranted, justified; IV. iii. 137.
Wassail, revelry; I. vii. 64.
Watching, waking; V. i. 12.
Water-rug, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.
What, who; IV. iii. 49.
What is, i.e. what is the time of; III. iv. 126.
When 'tis, i.e. "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.
Which, who; V. i. 66.
While then, till then; III. i. 44.
Whispers, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.
Wholesome, healthy; IV. iii. 105.
Wind; "I'll give thee a wind"; I. iii. 11. (Cp. illustration.)
With, against; IV. iii. 90.
 —, by; III. i. 63.
 —, on; IV. ii. 32.
Without, outside; III. iv. 14.
 —, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

Glossary

Witness, testimony, evidence;
II. ii. 47.

Worm, small serpent; III. iv. 29.

Would, should; I. vii. 34.

Wrought, agitated; I. iii. 149.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Yawning peal, a peal which
lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.

Yesty, foaming; IV. i. 53.

Yet, in spite of all, notwith-
standing; IV. iii. 69.



'I'll give thee a wind' (I. iii. 11).
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after 'again.'

I. ii. 14. 'damned quarrel'; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Folios, 'damned quarry' (cp. IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien*, 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, 'which' should have 'he' (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not 'slave' as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. 'And the very ports they blow'; Johnson conj. 'various' for 'very'; Pope reads 'points' for 'ports'; Clar. Press edd. 'orts'; 'blow' = 'blow upon.'

I. iii. 32. 'weird'; Folios, 'weyward' (prob. = 'weird'); Keightley, 'weyard.'

I. iii. 97-98. 'As thick as hail Came post'; Rowe's emendation; Folios read 'As thick as tale Can post.'

I. v. 24-26. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words 'that which' in line 25, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after 'undone'; but 'that which' is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read 'and that's which' or 'and that's what.'

I. vi. 4. 'martlet'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'Barlet.'

I. vi. 5. 'loved mansionry'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, 'loved mansonry'; Pope (ed. 2), 'loved masonry.'

I. vi. 6. 'jutty, frieze'; Pope, 'jutting frieze'; Staunton conj. 'jutty, nor frieze,' etc.

I. vi. 9. 'most'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'must'; Collier MS., 'much.'

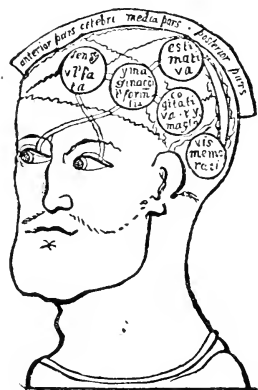
I. vii. 6. 'shoal'; Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 'schoole.'

I. vii. 45. 'Like the poor cat i' the adage'; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"

I. vii. 47. 'do more'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'no more.'

I. vii. 65-67. (Cp. the position as 'warder of the brain' assigned to *vis memorati* (*va*) in the accompanying reproduction of a mediæval phrenological chart.



II. i. 51. 'sleep'; Steevens conj. 'sleeper,' but no emendation is necessary; the pause after 'sleep' is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. 'Tarquin's ravishing strides'; Pope's emendation; Folios, 'Tarquins ravishing sides.'

II. i. 56. 'sure'; Pope's conj. adopted by Capell; Folios 1, 2, 'sowre.'

II. i. 57. 'which way they walk'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, 'which they may walk.'

II. ii. 35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-43).

III. i. 130. 'you with the perfect spy o' the time'; Johnson conj. 'you with a'; Tyrwhitt conj. 'you with the perfect spot, the time'; Beckett conj. 'you with the perfectry o' the time'; Grant White, from Collier MS., 'you, with a perfect spy, o' the time'; Schmidt interprets 'spy' to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy' = the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' i.e. 'the moment on 't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. 'our peace'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'our place.'

III. ii. 52. 'night's black agents to their preys do rouse.' (Cp. the accompanying illustration.)



From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*.

III. iv. 14. '*'Tis better thee without than he within*'; probably '*he*' instead of '*him*' for the sake of effective antithesis with '*thee*'; unless, as is possible, '*he within* = '*he in this room*.'

III. iv. 78. '*time has*'; Folio 1, '*times has*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*times have*'; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. '*If trembling I inhabit then*'; various emendations have been proposed, e.g. '*I inhibit*' = '*me inhibit*,' '*I inhibit thee*,' '*I inherit*' etc.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean '*If I then put on the habit of trembling*,' i.e. '*if I invest myself in trembling*' (cp. Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

*"It will have blood they say;
Blood will have blood."*

III. iv. 144. '*in deed*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*indeed*'; Hanmer, '*in deeds*.'

III. v. 13. '*Loves*'; Halliwell conj. '*Lives*'; Staunton conj. '*Loves evil*.'

III. vi. 27. '*the most pious Edward*,' i.e. Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. '*Rebellion's head*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios read '*Rebellious dead*'; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, '*Rebellious head*.'

IV. ii. 18. '*when we are traitors And do not know ourselves*,' i.e. when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, '*know't o*.'; Keightley, '*know it ourselves*'; but no change seems necessary.

IV. ii. 19-20. '*when we hold rumour*,' etc.; i.e. '*when we inter-*

pret rumour in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear.'

IV. ii. 22. '*Each way and move*'; Theobald conj. '*Each way and wave*'; Capell, '*And move each way*'; Steevens conj. '*And each way move*'; Johnson conj. '*Each way, and move—*'; Jackson conj. '*Each wail and moan*'; Ingleby conj. '*Which way we move*'; Anon. conj. '*And move each wave*'; Staunton conj. '*Each sway and move*'; Daniel conj. '*Each way it moves*'; Camb. edd. conj. '*Each way and none*'; perhaps '*Each way we move*' is the simplest reading of the words.

IV. ii. 70. '*do worse*,' i.e. "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, '*do less*'; Capell, '*do less*').

IV. iii. 15. '*deserve*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios 1, 2, '*discerne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*discern*'; —, '*and wisdom*'; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads '*'tis wisdom*'; Steevens conj. '*and wisdom is it*'; Collier conj. '*and 'tis wisdom*'; Staunton conj. '*and wisdom 'tis*' or '*and wisdom bids*'; Keightley, '*and wisdom 'twere*'.

IV. iii. 111. '*Died every day she lived*'; "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).

IV. iii. 235. '*tune*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*time*'.

V. i. 26. '*sense is shut*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*sense are shut*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*sense are shut*'. The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, '*sense*' being taken as a plural.

V. iii. 1. '*them*,' i.e. the thanes.

V. iii. 21. '*cheer*'; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, '*chair*'; —; "*dis-seat*," Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; Folio 1, '*dis-cate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*disease*'; Bailey conj. '*dis-seize*'; Daniel conj. '*defeat*'; Furness, '*dis-case*'; Perring conj. '*disheart*'.

V. iii. 22. '*way of life*'; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation '*May of life*,' and several editors have accepted the conjecture.

V. iii. 44. '*stuff'd*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*stuf't*'; Pope, '*full*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, '*foul*'; Anon. conj. '*fraught*,' '*press'd*'; Bailey conj. '*stain'd*'; Mull conj. '*steep'd*'; —; '*stuff*'; so Folios 3, 4; Jackson conj. '*tuft*'; Collier (ed. 2), from

Collier MS., 'grief'; Keightley, 'matter'; Anon. conj. 'slough,' 'freight'; Kinnear conj. 'fraught.'

V. iii. 55. 'senna'; so Folio 4; Folio 1, 'Cyme'; Folios 2, 3, 'Caeny'; Bulloch conj. 'sirrah.'

V. iii. 58. 'it,' i.e. the armour.

V. v. 19. 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.' "Possibly Shakespeare recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498," and here reproduced.



THE TRAGEDY OF

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

3. *Hurlyburly*:—The origin and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577: "Onomatopoeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the keynote of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their reappearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."

II. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience.

Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of *Macbeth*." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.

Scene II.

3. *Sergants*, in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain*.

13. *Of* here bears the sense of *with*, the two words often being used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Gallo-glasses*, offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *Newe Irish Prognostication*: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."

14, 15. That is, seemed as in love with him, in order to betray him to ruin.

40. To *memorize* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet*, in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."

54. Steevens laughs over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona, the Roman goddess of war, the wife of Mars. But Shakespeare makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—*Lapp'd in proof* is covered with "armour of proof," that is, armour impenetrable to ordinary weapons.

61. *Colme's* is here a dissyllable. *Colme's Inch*, now called *Inchcolm*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columba. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse, signifies an island.

Scene III.

6. *Ronyon* is a scurvy person or a mangy animal. *Rump-fed* means fed on refuse, or fattened in the rump. Another meaning is that [Glossary] of pampered or richly fed.

8, 9. Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas"; and in the *Life of Doctor Fian, a Notable Sorcerer*: "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flagons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that, though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.

10. *I'll do* means, "in the shape of a rat, I'll gnaw through the ship's hull."

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to have power to sell winds. So in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:—

"In Ireland and in Denmark both
Witches for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

21. That is, under a curse or ban.

23. This effect of *peaking* or *wasting* was supposed to be caused by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that one of the witches was found roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; and "as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe*."

25. In the *Life of Dr. Fian*, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe*, at his coming forth of *Denmarke*, had a *contrarie winde* to the rest of his *shippes* then being in his companie."

32. *Weird* is from the Saxon *wyrd*, and means the same as the Latin *fatum*; so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters*, or the *sisters of fate*. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters*. Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The com-

mon opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters*, that is (as ye would say), the *goddesses of destinie*, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."

53. That is, creatures of fantasy or imagination.

71. According to Holinshed, "Sinell, the thane of Glamis, was Macbeth's father."

84. *Henbane* or *hemlock*. Thus Batman's *Commentary on Bartholome de Proprietate Rerum*: "Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason." And in Greene's *Never too Late*: "You have gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight, or else you have eaten of the roots of *hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

137. *Fears* here is put for the *objects of fear*, the effect for the cause; a not uncommon form of speech.

140. *Single* here bears the sense of *weak, feeble*. So in *The Tempest*, "A *single* thing, as I am now." And in what the Chief Justice says to Falstaff: "Is not your chin double, your wit *single*?"

142. That is, *facts* are lost sight of. Macbeth *sees* nothing but what is unreal, nothing but the spectres of his own fancy. So likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be innaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says: "So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again: "Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt. . . . He wishes the end, but is irresolute as to the means; conscience distinctly warns him, and he lulls it imperfectly." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after

another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *clements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.

Scene IV.

9. That is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.

22-27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's '*plentuous joys*,' Macbeth has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.

39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.

54. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says—"I always think there is something especially Shakespearian in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them."

Scene V.

26. "Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have everything he wanted, he would rather have it innocently:—ignorant, as alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."

30, 31. That is, *supernatural aid*. We find *metaphysics* explained *things supernatural* in the old dictionaries. *To have thee crown'd* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. ii.: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business and would *seem to have* us make denial."

41. This passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *my*; as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *come*, thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.

42. *Mortal* and *deadly* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. In another part of this play we have "the *mortal* sword," and "*mortal* murders." The spirits here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless*: "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii*, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief, for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*."

54. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."

Scene VI.

10. "The subject of this quiet conversation," says Sir J. Reynolds, "gives repose to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is fre-

quently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life."

13. To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?

20. That is, "We remain as *hermits* or *beadsmen* to pray for you."—Here again we quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the laboured rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the 'dignities,' the general duty."

Scene VII.

4. *Surcease* is end, stop. Thus in Bacon's essay *Of Church Controversies*: "It is more than time that there were an end and *surcease* made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage."—*His* for *its*, referring to assassination.

7. "We'd *jump the life to come*," that is, we'd *risk* it. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. viii.: "Our fortune lies upon this *jump*."

23. *The sightless couriers of the air* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

27. The using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* is quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say such a one *overshot himself*, that is, overshot his mark or aim.

47 *et seq.* It is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of

superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.

59. Three modes of pointing have been pitched upon here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.), of which we prefer the latter. Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail*. At first, a quick, contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*. Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."

64. Shakespeare has taken his metaphor from the *screwing up* of the cords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

7-9. It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.

50. In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, we have the following lines:—

"'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,

No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
 Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
 Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
 I am great in blood,
 Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
 That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
 From your large palms.”

55. The original has *sides*, which Pope changed to *strides*. This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with “stealthy pace.” and “moves like a ghost.” But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene*, iv. 8. 37:—

“They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With *casie* step so *soft* as foot could *stryde*.”

And Shakespeare in his *Rape of Lucrece* says in like manner of Tarquin, while going about the *ravishing*:—

“Into her chamber wickedly he *stalks*,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.”

56-60. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that “all general privations are great because they are terrible.” The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.

Scene II.

13. 14. Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this “one touch of nature.” That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through imagination in the case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller’s noble

drama, *The Piccolomini*: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*." And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavouring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.

35-40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible whilst previously everything, however awful, appeared a mere trifle; conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."

55. With her firm self-control, this bold, bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts*: when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.

62, 63. The old copy reads—"Making the Green one Red." *Multitudinous seas* would seem to require that *one* should not be coupled with *green*. Of course the sense of the line is—"Making the green *water* all red." Milton's *Comus* has a like expression: "And makes one blot of *all* the air."

68, 69. That is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."

Scene III.

5, 6. So in Hall's *Satires*, iv. 6:—

"Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares graine,
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap againe."

21, 22. So in *Hamlet*: "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."

26, 27. The *second cock* means *three o'clock*. So *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iv. 3: "The *second cock* hath crowed, the curfew bell hath rung, 'tis *three o'clock*."

63, 64. The *owl* was always considered a bird of direful omen. The poet elsewhere has—"The ominous and fearful owl of death." And of Richard III. it is said—"The owl shriek'd at thy birth."

117. To *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis and metaphor."

131. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.

136. *Pretence* is here used for *design*, intention: a usage quite frequent in Shakespeare. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, III. ii.: "The *pretence* whereof being by circumstances partly laid open." And in *Coriolanus*, I. ii.: "Nor did you think it folly to keep your great *pretences* veil'd, till when they needs must show themselves."—Banquo's meaning is—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.

146-148. Meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—Suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.

Scene IV.

5 *et seq.* Collier and Verplanck change *travelling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea": whereupon Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *travelling lamp*,' the epithet 'travelling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore that '*travelling*' is changed to '*travailing*,' the word 'lamp' ceases to signify the sun." To which we will add, that if *travelling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course." It should

be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*.—"After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months together there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

18. Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owel*," and that "*horses of singular beauty and swiftnes did eat their own flesh*."

33. *Colme-kill* (meaning the cell or chapel of St. Columba) is the famous Iona, one of the Western Isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burial-place of many ancient kings of Scotland.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. This was the phrase of Shakespeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to *solemnize* any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation.

72. That is, to the *uttermost*, to the last extremity. This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakespeare, is borrowed from the French. The sense of the passage is—"Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."

95. The *valued file* is the *list* wherein their *value* and peculiar qualities are set down.

132, 133. Always remembered that I must stand clear of suspicion.

Scene II.

31. That is, do him the highest honour.

32-35. The sense of this passage appears to be—It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery and stoop to dissimulation.

38. Ritson has justly observed that *nature's copy* alludes to *copyhold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*,

having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *lifehold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal*.

42. That is, the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was an ancient word for *scale*; as appears by the following lines from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

“ She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,
Whose *sherdes* shynen as the sonne.”

And again, speaking of a serpent:—

“ He was so *sherded* all about,
It held all edge tool without.”

49. *That great bond* is Banquo's life—the copyhold tenure alluded to in line 38 above. So in Richard III., IV. iv.: “*Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray.*”

50. Thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:—

“ Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.”

Scene III.

10. They who are set down in the list of guests, and expected at the banquet.

Scene IV.

5. Her *chair* of state; a royal chair with a canopy over it.

14. Better that his blood should be on you than in him.

34. The last clause of this sentence depends upon *vouch'd*: that feast which is not often *vouch'd* or declared to be given with welcome is as if sold to your guests.

63, 64. That is, these self-generated fears are imposters when compared with true fear.

71-73. The same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 8, 16: “But be entombèd in the raven or the *light*.”

92, 93. [*Re-enter Ghost*] Much question has been made, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining

that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo*, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."

105. That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle or any *habitation*; if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl."

111. *Pass over* us without our wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes unregarded.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.

128. That is, *what say'st thou to or of this circumstance?*

141. Johnson explains this, "*You want sleep, which seasons or gives the relish to all natures.*" So in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

Scene V.

[*Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate*] Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among the vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "*our dame Hecate.*" Charles Lamb says of the Weird Sisters: "They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without

human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness." And the same charming critic elsewhere contrasts the Weird Sisters with the hags of popular superstition. Speaking of the witches of Rowley and Dekker, he says—"They are the plain, traditional, old-woman witches of our ancestors—poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages—themselves amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of the county at his heels, that should lay hands on the weird sisters. They are of another jurisdiction." It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," etc. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.

24. *Profound* here signifies having deep or secret qualities. The *vaporous drop* seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.

33. [*Song after this line*] We subjoin from Middleton's *Witch* the song which has always been used here in the representation, and which ought to go with the rest of the incantations, as having probably been sanctioned by the Poet's choice. Dyce says, "It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily, that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play."

"*Song above.* Come away, come away,
 Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Hecate. I come, I come, I come, I come,
 With all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may.
 Where's Stadlin?

Voice above. Here.

Hecate. Where's Puckle?

Voice above. Here;

- And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
 We lack but you, we lack but you:
 Come away, make up the count.
- Hecate.* I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
 [*A Spirit like a cat descends.*]
- Voice above.* There's one come down to fetch his dues,
 A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
 And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
 Since the air 's so sweet and good.
- Hecate.* O, art thou come? What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
 Either come, or else refuse, refuse.
- Hecate.* Now I 'm furnished for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark! the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
- Hecate Going up.* Now I go, now I fly,
 Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
 O, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
 To ride in the air
 When the moon shines fair,
 And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
 Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
 We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits;
 No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
 No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
 No, not the noise of water's breach,
 Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.
- Voices above.* No ring of bells," etc.

Scene VI.

35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

33. That is, a tiger's *entrails*.—In sorting the materials where-with the weird sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and com-

pound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens*. But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents; explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.

43. [*Song after this line*] This song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from Middleton's *Witch*, the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the eighteenth century. The lines commonly used on the stage are:—

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"

Probably both songs were taken from the "traditional wizard poetry of the drama."

68. [*Armed head appears*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.—*Upton*.

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest*: "Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd."

72. Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had*."

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729:

"Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
When Canmore battled and the villain fell."

95. That is, *press* it into his *service*.

119. The notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein any one might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils*," etc. Such was the "brod mirroure of glas" which "the King of Arabie and of Inde" sent to Cambuscan, as related in *The Squieres Tale* of Chaucer. But the most wonderful glass of this kind was that described in *The Faerie Queene*, iii. 2. which

"The great Magitien Merlin had devis'd
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might."
"It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselpe, and seemd a World of Glas."

123. In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime, and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered*. When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered*.

Scene II.

3, 4. Our flight is considered as evidence of treason or of guilty fear.

20. That is, fear makes us credit rumour, yet we know not what to fear, because ignorant when we offend; meaning, of course, that under such a king as Macbeth "to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly." A condition wherein men believe the more, because they fear, and fear the more, because they cannot foresee the danger.

22. *Move* is for movement or motion.

65. That is, I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

84. [*Exit Lady Macduff, etc.*] "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John*; in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans's examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."

Scene III.

4. *Birthdom*, for the place of our birth, our native land. To *bestride* one that was down in battle, was a special bravery of friendship.

19, 20. A good mind may recede from goodness under an imperial command.

24. That is, must still look *as it does*. A similar expression occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii.: "Good alone is good without a name; vileness *is so*."

33, 34. "Wear thou thy *wrongs*"—that is, the *honours* thou hast won by *wrong*; or else wrongs as opposed to *rights*.—That is, the title is *confirmed* or ascertained, that none dare challenge it.

86. That is, summer-*resembling* lust; the passion that burns a while like summer, and like summer passes away; whereas the other passion, *avarice*, has no such date, but grows stronger and stronger to the end of life.

140 *et seq.* Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *golden stamp* was the coin called *angel*.

177. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. v.: "We use to say *the dead are well*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

37. Probably Lady Macbeth fancies herself in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, "Hell is murky," she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.

47. She is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

55. Upon this awful passage Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is the passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atreides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand,' adds: "How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand?' And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!"

Scene II.

5. By *the mortified man* is meant a *religious man*; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world.

10. That is, unbearded, smooth-faced. So in *The Tempest*: "Till new-born chins be rough and razorable."

Scene IV.

16-18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. This note is made because some critics have vented an unworthy sneer, not at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.

Scene V.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."

21. *The last syllable of recorded time* signifies the last syllable of the record or register of time.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies; he puts on despondency, the final heart-armour of the wretched, and would fain think everything shadowy and unsubstantial, as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."

Scene VII.

2. This was a phrase of bear-baiting. "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear" [*i.e.*, the bear attacked by ten dogs, an attack being called a *course*].—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

Scene VIII.

1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica, that of Brutus at Philippi, or both; or to such Roman suicides in general,

7. Thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar*: "Speak, hands, for me."

9. The air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet*, I. i.: "For it is, as the air, invulnerable."

12. In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, V. iii.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*, could not find death."

34. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, declaring it to be a capital offence, "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in I. v. of this play: "Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark to cry *Hold, hold!*"

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains*, from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'"

62-64. "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation," says Holinshed, "called a Parliament at Forfair; in which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *carles*; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus."

Questions on Macbeth.

1. What play of Middleton bears some resemblance to *Macbeth*?
2. What arguments are found for joint authorship in certain parts of this play?
3. What probable date is assigned for the composition of *Macbeth*? Whence did Shakespeare derive the materials for this drama? In what part of the story did he make an important alteration?
4. What is the duration of the action of *Macbeth*? How much of it occurs during the night? Is great heightening of tragic feeling derived from the darkness?

ACT FIRST.

5. How does Shakespeare sound the keynote at the opening of every play? Illustrate by *Macbeth* and compare with *Hamlet*.
6. What was there in the beliefs of Shakespeare's time to warrant his use of witchcraft in *Macbeth*? What nature and powers were ascribed to witches then? What battle is dimly suggested by the Second Witch? Need the witches have possessed supernatural powers in order to foretell Macbeth's advancement?
7. Do Duncan's first words foreshadow anything of the tragic action of the play?
8. On what was Macbeth engaged at the time of the opening of the drama? What effect had his conduct of this enterprise upon his reputation?
9. Duncan addresses Macbeth as *cousin*; does this imply blood-relationship?
10. What poetic titles does Ross apply to Macbeth, and what is their significance?
11. What was a thane?
12. How were the minds of Banquo and Macbeth differently affected by the prophecies of the witches?
13. The First Witch threatens to take the form of *a rat without a tail*. Explain these words.

14. What kind of disposition does Shakespeare ascribe to Duncan? Was Duncan a weak king? Was he a reader of men? What was the ingratitude to which he refers, Sc. iv. 15?

15. What impression does Macbeth convey at his first entrance? By his dwelling on the witches' prophecies?

16. When does the changed feeling of Macbeth towards Banquo first show itself? What distinctness do you find in the character of the thane of Cawdor, although he does not appear on the stage?

17. How does Lady Macbeth differ in disposition from her husband? How does the letter to her from Macbeth bear upon the plot? How does she at her first entrance at once take an important part in the action?

18. Mention some of the minor characters who appear in the first act, and state what part they play.

19. *Are ye fantastical, or that indeed which outwardly ye show?* Explain these words and say how they occur in the play.

20. Analyze Macbeth's soliloquy (opening of Sc. vii.) as a whole.

ACT SECOND.

21. What *cursed thoughts* visited Banquo in his sleep.

22. Does the soliloquy that ends Sc. i. present a new phase of Macbeth's nature? How does he regard the dagger? Explain its appearance to him.

23. Interpret the lines in the soliloquy beginning, *Thou sure and firm-set earth.*

24. What bell is it that breaks the soliloquy?

25. *Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't.* Explain these words. Who utters them?

26. Is poetic horror heightened by having the deed done off the stage? To what canon of the Greek drama does this conform?

27. What is felt at Lady Macbeth's first words to Macbeth on his return from the murder?

28. From recital (Sc. ii.) of his hallucination of hearing voices, Macbeth passes to highly poetic soliloquy. What revelation of his nature is made by this transition? At this point does Lady Macbeth understand him?

29. *My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.*

Explain these words. How do they occur in the play?

30. What do you think of Macbeth's loss of self-mastery in his refusal to return with the daggers?

31. *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!* Is this cry hortatory or grimly derisive?

32. *Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.* Explain these words and state how they occur.

33. What strange portents are said to have accompanied the murder of Duncan?

34. In the Porter's soliloquy can you find any expressions that seem to you un-Shakespearian? What dramatic and mechanical purposes does it serve? Is the burlesquing here broader than in the Grave-diggers' scene of *Hamlet*?

35. Give in your own words the sense of the passage (Sc. iii. 90) beginning, *Had I but died an hour before this chance.*

36. Describe and contrast the ways in which Macbeth and Macduff announce Duncan's death to Donalbain. What different mental states are indicated?

37. Who first suspects Macbeth of Duncan's murder?

38. Is Sc. iv. an adequate close for this act?

ACT THIRD.

39. How is the mutual distrust of Banquo and Macbeth after the latter has become king described by Shakespeare?

40. Is it for the sake of plot or of character that Macbeth is made (Sc. i. 30) to refer to the absent sons of Duncan? Could it help his case with Banquo? Was his course with Banquo already determined in his mind?

41. How does Macbeth draw from Banquo the facts he wants without arousing his suspicion? What quality of Banquo's makes Macbeth fear to have him live? What additional reason comes to his mind?

42. How does Macbeth contrive motives for the murderers he commissions to kill Banquo? What ulterior motive has he? Is he wise or foolish in showing the murderers why he wishes Banquo dead?

43. Why does Macbeth send a third murderer to the scene?

44. What is the significance of Banquo's parting words to Fleance?

45. *'Tis better thee without than he within.* Explain these words and state when they were uttered.

46. What dramatic purpose is served by making Macbeth speak of Banquo immediately after the entrance of his ghost and before Macbeth sees it? At what moment does Macbeth recognize the ghost? Should the ghost really appear on the stage?

47. How would you characterize Lady Macbeth's speech (Sc. iv. 60) to her husband, made at such a moment? What efforts does she make to save the situation?

48. Is there any significant hint of the hour at which the ghost scene occurs? Does anything develop here concerning Macbeth's relation to the supernatural? What change toward him is assumed by the Weird Sisters? Can you give any reason for this?

49. Show from the language of the play that Shakespeare represented the ghost of Banquo as being visible only to Macbeth.

50. Mention, giving examples, any different senses in which the word "mortal" is used in *Macbeth*.

51. What were the forces opposed to Macbeth, and what was the state of the kingdom?

ACT FOURTH.

52. What do the three figures signify which rise from the witches' cauldron to speak to Macbeth?

53. In what mood is Macbeth when he first addresses the Weird Sisters? Note his multiplying of images.

54. How does Macbeth receive the prophecies of his visitants?

55. What is the symbolism of the eight kings?

56. Does Hecate accomplish her revenge?

57. What important news reaches Macbeth just after the witches vanish? What does it determine him to do?

58. Where are the second and third scenes of Act IV. placed? Is the unity of action marred by these changes? Do they give enlargement of view?

59. Compare with Act I. and Act II. and tell how the action centers around Macbeth.

60. What at this time was the relation of Ross to the king? How does Ross describe the condition of the times?

61. What is the effect of the dialogue between Lady Macduff and her son?

62. How and why does Malcolm defame himself in his conversation with Macduff?

63. When and how do we learn that Lady Macduff met her fate at the same time as her children?
64. What was Macduff's mission to Malcolm?
65. In this dialogue what trait of character does Macduff pre-eminently exhibit?

ACT FIFTH.

66. Why is the Gentlewoman reticent about the words of Lady Macbeth?
67. When did Lady Macbeth last appear upon the scene? Has she now ceased to take a part in the action of the play?
68. With what earlier scene is that of the sleep-walking intimately connected? What words of Lady Macbeth are reminiscent of previous words of hers?
69. In what different ways does remorse affect Macbeth and Lady Macbeth?
70. Describe the new phases of Macbeth's distemper which appear in the second and third scenes of Act V.
71. Is Macbeth really puzzled, as his words to the Doctor indicate, by the state of the country?
72. In saying (Sc. v. 9) *I have almost forgot the taste of fears*, does Macbeth appear to understand himself?
73. Is Macbeth moved by the news of the Queen's death?
74. Does the expectation of Macbeth hold out to the end? Does he abandon his hope in the unnatural prediction about one not born of woman?
75. What was the last fulfillment of the mysterious prophecies?
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76. Consider the plot and principal characters of the play. What is its moral significance? Has it a historical basis?
77. Give reasons why *Macbeth* is a great drama. Do you consider it to be Shakespeare's greatest tragedy; if so, why?
78. Which is the strongest passage in the play, and why? Where does it reach its climax?
79. Name some of the qualities of Lady Macbeth. What impression of womankind does she give you in her first soliloquy?
80. Summarize the traits of Macbeth's character. Is he more

complex than Lady Macbeth? Which has the more conscience? What utterances or actions prove it?

81. What is the clue to the great change in Macbeth's will power?

82. At what point of the play does Macbeth begin to act independently of Lady Macbeth?

83. Why does Shakespeare put so much beautiful poetry into the mouth of such a character as Macbeth. Compare Macbeth in this respect with Iago.

84. How long before the murder does Macbeth contemplate the deed. Compare him in this with Hamlet. But for Lady Macbeth would Macbeth have killed Duncan?

85. In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word says it all?

86. What really breaks down Lady Macbeth at the end? Is it the same cause which breaks down Macbeth himself?

87. Is Macbeth a poet? Is he a coward? If he is a coward, how do you explain his bravery in battle? If he is not a coward, how do you explain his hesitancy and scruples?

88. Has Macbeth great powers of dissimulation? Is his deterioration through ambition sudden and contrary to the ordinary course of gradual moral decay?

89. Does Banquo take any determining part in the action of the play? How do you regard his character? Why did Shakespeare depart from Holinshed in not making Banquo accessory to the crime?

90. Malcolm and Macduff: were they weak or cowards in fleeing for their lives? Did anything justify Macduff in leaving his family?

91. What does the knocking at the gate typify? What the sleep-walking scene?

92. The Weird Sisters: why does Shakespeare make them real, instead of introducing them to Macbeth in a dream? What do they stand for in the play?

93. Contrast the use of the word *metaphysical* (I. v. 30) with its present ordinary meanings. Mention any other words used in *Macbeth* in senses different from those they have now.

94. What does this drama show beyond the ordinary point that "murder will out"?







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